

Fellowes as I do, crawling betwene Heauen and Earth. We are arrant Knaues all, beleue none of vs. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne houle. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou dost Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: for Wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Ophe. O heauenly Powers, restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your pratings too wel enough. God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you lisse, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will haue no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is here o're-throwne? The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword, Th'expectantie and Rose of the faire State, The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme, Th'obseru'd of all Obseruers, quite, quite downe. Haue I of Ladies most delect and wretched, That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes: Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason, Like sweet Bels tangled out of tune, and harsh, That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth, Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me, Th'haue scene what I haue scene: see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affections do not that way tend, Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little, Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule? O're which his Melancholly fits on broad, And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclosure Will be some danger, which to piewent I haue in quicke determination Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England For the demand of our neglected Tribute: Haply the Seas and Countreies different With variable Obiects, shall expell This something feel'd matter in his heart: Whereon his Braines still bearing, puts him thus From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I beleene The Origin and Commencement of this grieefe Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophe*? You neede not tell vs, what *Lord Hamlet* saide, We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please, But if you hold it fit after the Play, Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him, And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the care Of all their Conference. If she finde him not, To England send him: Or confine him where Your wisdome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so: Madnesse in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but vie all gently: for in the verie Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may giue it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule, to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passion to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could haue such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you auoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall obseruance: That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature: for any thing so ouer-done, is frō the purpose of Playing, whole end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as'twer the Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and presture. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskillfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious grieue; The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue scene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther haue the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reformed that indifferently with vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, & shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vles it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.*

Enter Polonius, Rosinrance, and Guildenstern.

How now my Lord, Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make hast. *Exit Polonius.* Will you two helpe to hasten them?

Bos. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio*?

Hor. Heere sweet Lord, at your Seruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art eene as iust a man As ere my Conuersation cop'd withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter: For what aduancement may I hope from thee, That no Reuennew hast, but thy good spirits

To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd? No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe, And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee, Where thrift may follow faining? Dost thou heare, Since my deere Soule was Mistis of my choyse, And could of men distinguish, her election Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast bene As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing. A man that Fortunes buffers, and Rewards Hath'tane with equall Thankes. And blest are those, Whole Blood and Iudgement are so well co-mingled, That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger, To sound what stop she please. Giue me that man, That is not Passions Slave, and I will weare him In my hearts Core: I in my Heart of heart, As I do thee. Something too much of this. There is a Play to night before the King, One Scene of it comes nere the Circumstance Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death. I pray thee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot, Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule Obserue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt, Do not it selfe vnkennell in one speech, It is a damned Ghost that we haue scene: And my Imaginations are as foule As Vulcans Scythe. Giue him needfull note, For I mine eyes will ruiet to his Face: And after we will both our iudgements ioyne, To censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well my Lord.

If he Reale ought the while this Play is Playing, And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosinrance, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant with his Guard carrying Torches. Danish March. Sound a Flourish.

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I must be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cosin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent! Faith, of the Camelions dish: I eate the Ayre promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so. *King.* I haue nothing with this answer *Hamlet*, these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once ith' Vniuersity, you say?

Pol. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Caesar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

Rosin. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Pol. Come hither my good *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that?

Ham. Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merrie, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely Higge-maker: what should a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within'two Houres.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for Ile haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-liue his life halfe a yeare: But byrlady he must build Churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whole Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.

*Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene embracing him. She kneeles, and makes shew of Protestation vnto him. He takes her up, and declines his head vpon her neck. Lays him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him a-sleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kisses it, and powres poison in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poisoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts: she seemes loath and vnmwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his loue. *Exeunt.**

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching Malicho, that meanes Mischeefe.

Ophe. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counsell, they'll tell all.

Ophe. Will they tell vs what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you'll shew him. Bee not you asham'd to shew, hee'll not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Enter Prologue.

For vs, and for our Tragedie,

Heere stooping to your Clemencie:

We begge your hearing Patientlie.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poefie of a Ring?

Ophe. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womans loue.

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath *Phcebus* Cart gon round, Neptunes salt Wash, and *Tellus* Orbed ground: And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene, About the World haue times twelue thirties beene, Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands Vnite comutall, in most sacred Bands.

Bap. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done. But woe is me, you are so sicke of late, So farre from cheere, and from your forme state, That I distrust you: yet though I distrust, Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must: For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,

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